M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR. A SERIOUS PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED.

The prolificness of the negro is nowhere questioned. Whether crossbred or inbred, he multiplies in a ratio which but one other race equals. The number of colored people in the United States, that is people who are recognized as colored, is double that of Lincoln's time. It will not be many years before there are 20,000,000 colored people in this country. A vast majority of these will have white blood coursing their veins. For that matter the bleger half will be more white than black. But they will all he viewed and considered "colored." Of the 1,400,000 heads of colored families in the entire country in 1900, 264,000, or nearly one-fifth of them all, own the homes and farms on which they live, where a few years ago they did not even own their own bodies. As this racial question is coming more and more to the front, every day, the people of this country, without regard to party or politics, will have to study and determine the question of how to get along with the negro. Lynching cannot be the solution. The schoolhouse points the way, but we would do well not to cultivate any unnecessary race hatreis. They will only tend to make the final solution much more difficult. There is probably more promise of a solution to be found in the school house than in any other direction. Still education in proving a partial solution for the north will not in the same degree prove such, for the south. While fc is a racial prejudice both north and south, it is of a much more pronounced character at the south, where the whites and blacks are thrown more intimately together. However much of political disfranchisement and lynch law in the south, and however much of disinterested advice from the north, the question of the Negro's status as an inhabitant, as an individual demanding his rights as a free man. recognized by the amended constitution to be a citizen, still there is something else, something more far reaching to settle and determine in the near future, touching the status and rights of the Negro.

THE WIVES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Some genius with nothing better to do has been bunting up the Benedictine side of the lives of great men and also the make-up of their spouses and writfng it all down. For the most part a genius is only great for the moment or the hour, or great occasionally. The wives of these great ones for the most part were an ordinary lot. Not much is known of Mrs. Dante or Mrs. Homer if indeed there were any such mistresses. Socrates had his Xantippe who was about good enough for the old philosophical curmudgeon. Jane Welsh Carlyle was not abused but held her own with the sore headed bear of a genius whose first name was Thomas. Sir Bulwer Lytton's wife was common, boasting the vocabulary of a fishwife. But still this great author would have fits of affection and write her down as his own Oodies Toodles, etc. Napoleon went daft on Josephine the Creole, of the island of Martinique, whose miscellaneous loves had been many. Later this ruler of destinies went off like any other old fool lover the line of these seemingly inspired men who aside from the great acts or triumphs of an hour were much like the rest of us, when it came to the woman question. Yet when some ordinary man loses his head and runs away with a snub-nosed and freekled girl we call him a fool. In the wisdom of Providence it is appointed that people shall, at epochs of their lives, give proof that they are considerably lower than the angels, and as absurd as monkeys. No same man will inquire too closely into the private lives of his friends lest they provoke him to mirth. A sad and often tragic world has its ludicrous side, and man seems at times made

POTATOES TO BE POTATOES

There has been discovered in Africa or somewhere on that side of the earth a new potato for which is claimed surpassing excellence. It seems to be neither a spud or a yam. Eut it is quite certain from what is claimed for it that it will not take the place of the Irish potato. Speaking of potatoes, the crop of 1903 threatens to be short in all the south Atlantic states. In a number of states south and east of the Alleghenies the crop is already past saving. Late frosts, floods and bugs have combined to cut the crop short in the states that ordinarily supply the larger eastern cities, by thousands of carleads. Admitting the crop reports to be reliable -which they are not always-potatoes are going to be potatoes the coming fall and winter,

TIMBER GROWING FOR WASTE PLACES.

The work being done by the bureau of forestry of the Department of Agriculture is illustrated in one of the recent bulletins of that bureau. Officials of the bureau have undertaken the planting with trees of the Dismal river and Niobrara forest reserves, in the state of Nebraska. These reserves, which are now barren sand hills, will, it is believed, ultimately be covered with a fine growth of timber. The tract consists of 212,000 acres. The bureau has also undertaken the supervision of the work of preserving anad planting a tract of 219,000 scres of waste land in New Mexico which belongs to a Chicago man, and who desires to have the whole tract covered with pine and other trees which will grow in that soil. There is additionally no question t hat were the semi-arid regions of the west more or less closely covered with forests, even though the trees were scrubby the humidity, and precipitation would be markedly increased.

THE INDIANA SENATOR'S VERSATILITY.

There is quite a sentiment favoring the nomination of Beverldge of Indiana as Vice President on the Republican ticket. Beveridge is young, but cisco and Choctaw offices are to be consolidated.

bright and a talker. He is what might be termed a natural born orator second to none, not even to Bryan. His colleagues in the senate it is said,

dread him at times, although he never fails of saying things worth listening to and remembering. He spends his vacations wandering over the empires, republics and principalities of this earth, loading himself up with statistics, blue-books, yellow-books, and first-hand interviews with princes and potentates and then comes back to Washington to write magazine articles and make speeches that flabbergast his fellow senators with his vast and varied information. He is warranted, when wound up, to talk a week at a time without going to bed. So Roosevelt, who says he does not feel equal to making a talking campaign, wants Beveridge to play the spellbinder to the American voters. Of course the Rooseveit part of the story is but conjecture.

THE SORRY LOT OF MILLIONAIRES.

To profit by travel the head must be first educated in what there is to be seen in travel. An uninformed man can get neither comfort, pleasure or profit out of travel. Most men wait till they get rich and jaded, and then they fancy that if they can only be dropped down where there is something to see their money is bound to carry them through. Such men go abroad and see nothing. As travelers they are failures. They think they ought to enjoy something after all their waiting. The editor of the Atlantic Monthly in addressing a graduating class of 249 at Smith's Woman's college the other day,

"A faded millionaire trying to get pleasure out of a too long deferred holiday in Europe is one of the most depressing spectateles. For 20 or 30 years he has been amassing a fortune with the pluck and energy which we all admire. And here he is set down in Paris or Dresden or Florence, ignorant of the language, the history, the architecture the ideas of the country. He is a good fellow, but he is homesick, listless, indifferent. He is taking his holiday too late. Curiosity, imagination, sympathy, zest have burned out of him in that fierce competitive struggle where his life forces have been spent."

This will be the condition of, perhaps, the bulk of American tourists this summer. The penalty of the money craze is most generally the starvation

TWO QUEENS WHO MADE MISTAKES.

Upon the merest trifles often hinge momentous events. Unimportant incidents are often the indices to the fates of nations, as accidents are the forerunners of death for individuals. Marie Antoinette, escaping from the Tuileries, turned to the right in stead of to the left after passing the inner arch. She lost her way, lost time and by this means lost her own head and the head of Louis XVI. So the story of Carlyle runs. Queen Draga of Servia, according to the cable news of the hour, meant to leave Belgrade, but waited for a going-away gown, being anxious that, as a fugitive, she should appear in becoming attire. It was a fatal delay. The Queen and Alexander fell in the palace, victims of "nothing to wear." says the New York World and truthfully there are many gaps in the hedge which the divinity of tradition spreads about royally. And spiteful small circum. stance slips easily through with fateful large results, Besides which, it appears that he must be a wise king who can fore-reckon with the false step or folly of his

AS FOR THE LITTLE WOMAN.

"A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every

More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;

Just so- a little Woman is, if Love will let you

There's not a joy in all the world you will not find

within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dves.

And in the little grain of gold much price and value lies. As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,

So in the Little Woman there's a taste of paradise. -From the Spanish of De Hita.

Why doesn't the Topeka relief committee name an extra clerk to receive the money and tabulate the names of the members of the legislature who are donating their mileage and per diem. Others than

curself have lost track of the thing. The Missouri Republican party, if there is such a contingent in that state should nominate Joseph W. Felk of St. Louis, for governor. There are enough self-respecting Democrats down there to

The K. C. Star's claim that there is more gumchewing in that town than in any other on the continent is an encouraging sign that her snuff-

rubber and tobacco chewers are on the up grade. Blanche Boise, Carrie Nation's protege, will not be horsewhipping any more mayors nor smashing any more joints for a season. She is taking a rest in jail with a \$100 fine hanging over her fair head.

The Missouri judge who sentenced a legislative boodler to the penitentiary for five years, remarking that it was but a "conventional crime," is now accused of having himself been a boodler. ---

Schwab has got to go. He proved too much of an all-round sport for even the steel trust, whose members were never accused of having any con-

Seventy-five miles an hour for swiftness can't be beaten by anything that hasn't wings, but that's the time that German made in the Ireland automo-

And the red-handed murderer Tillman hasn't been tried yet and it becomes daily more dangerous to be a South Carolina editor and tell the truth. Whether Missouri still hangs out for free silver

or not her representative men catch on to free \$1,000 bills with alacrity. Garageorgevitch translated means Black George's A kind of a dark horse candidate for the Ser-

vian throne. General Miles' silence of late is portentous. Just wait till retirement loosens his tongue.

It is given out that the Rock Island, San Fran-

A SAD SEA YARN.

Monday, June 8.- "This way, young ladies, please.

The sturdy Auguste Victoria has settled down to the eek's grind. Summer seas are ahead. Hamburg, Cherbourg, Southampton, all have long since passed under the horizon astern. Even the weakest of the passengers can nture on deck in the bright sunshine.

Ten rosy-faced girls bob up through the companion way. They march two by two, marshalled by an elderly lady, who keeps an Eagle eye on their every movement. Up and down they selemnly promenade in twos, their steps as exact as a military company's, and their warder.

evere and earnest, stalking along in the rear like the corporal of the guard, to better observe the marching. In a jiffy the purser is swamped by the men passengers. 'American girls," he explains, "going back to their homes all over the United States. Been to school in Paris for goodness knows how long. Learned everything-French, Italian, music, painting, drawing, all the 'ologies, Introductions? Great thundering Davy Jones! Why.

their teacher would take my head off!" Chorus of Men Passengers-"Oh, fudge Tuesday, June 9 .- "Good morning, Capt. Kaempff."

"Good morning, Miss White." 'My young ladies would like to meet you and learn

something about seamanship and navigation." "Charmed, I assure you, madame." You see, they've been my pupils at the Villa De Pont,

near the Bols de Boulogne, Paris. While their education is complete, they know little about the sea. This way, young ladies, "My pupils, Miles, Marion Aldrich, Emma Bramwell June Brown, Margaret Burnham, Ruby Chaple, Helen

Fendrich, Elisa Fendrich, Frace Fackler, Catherine Rockwell and Edythe Suffrins. "Charmed, young ladies."

Lined along the rail stand a company of young men etaphorically shaking their fists at Miss Elizabeth White teacher and chaperon What would Miss Lemer and Miss Martin say?" gasp-

one of the girls, calling to mind the other principals of the school and glancing shyly at one of the new row of men passengers politely looking on.

whispered the men, but under their breath. Wednesday, June 10 .- Light southwest breezes, smiling seas, calm as a mill-pond, cloudless skies, and everybody

"Good morning, Capt. Kaempff." "Good morning, young ladies,"

'Oh, captain, cant' we go up and see you at work on the bridge?"

"Delighted!" Chorus of Men Passengers-"Oh, darn!" White smiles. Her charges are safe thirty feet in the air and she breathes a sigh of relief. Below cluster the men, hoping to catch glimpses of

dares daily with much beflounced skirts. The Auguste Victoria speeds westward, putting New York closer and "We've got to do something soon." The men are taking counsel. Somebody suggests an

trim, silk-stockinged ankles whenever a sly, bold breeze

adjournment to the smoking-room. The young men as-They emerge later with triumphant faces. The ship's store of good German beer has been greatly reduced. But

none of the young ladies know this

Thursday, June 11,-Another pleasant day and all hands including Miss White, on deck. "Oh, I'm a very good sailor," says she to a solicitous passenger. "I think my young ladies are all right too. They are enjoying themselves very much in their own

way, too. "Fudge!" from the men in earshot. Suddenly a commotion on deck. The men passengers are approaching very solemnly and decorously. Their bears in his hands a parchment, affixed with a great red seal and a revenue stamp ,to make it legal.

Miss White looks up astonished. Gentlemen!" she gasps. "Madame, a petition which we respectfully present to you. We hope you will be gracious enough to read it."

Miss White reads the document. "Why ,the idea!" she exclaims. "Certainly not, certainly not! These young ladies cannot be in introduced to any gentlemen whom their parents do not know. It is not allowed in Paris. It cannot be allowed here."

Miss White tears up the petition, which prays that she introduce her charges to the young men aboard. Friday, June 12-"Bec-eutiful!" It is a fine day again. The ten girls are rejoicing. The weather can's possibly

interfere now with the dance arranged to celebrate the last night on board. Miss White musters her flock of ten pretty girls once

"Young ladies." says she, "I desire that you do dance with any one tonight save with each other. These gentlemen on the ships are not friends of your parents and it will be impossible to allow you an introduction. This is as we have always done in Paris, where one must be careful."

Chorus of Young Ladies-"Yes, Miss White." Sotto Voice-"You'd think she might relent a little now that we are so near New York."

Twilight comes and evening time. Electric lights twinkle out and crash is spread over the deck. The ship's band strikes up a two-step. Everybody starts in to have a good time.

The fathers of families dance with their wives and daughters and with their fellow-passengers' wives and daughters. Miss White does not dance. She is watching to see that her charges dance only with each other. Saturday, June 13 .- "Land ho!" The lookout is shouting his welcome cry. Sandy Hook looms up near the horizon ahead. Ten pretty girls line the rail.

"It's near New York now," says one. 'Glad of it," says the rest of them.

'What a shame," murmur the hopeless men, Slowly the great ship noses her way upstream. The tugs warp her in. On the deck stand a cheering company of young men-brothers, cousins, sweethearts and friends. Their eyes are glued on the ten girls at the

"Welcome home." The young men are cheering now-that is, those ashore. Those aboard are uttering suppressed murmurs of dis-

The gangplank is out. The horde on the dock rush Miss White receives them. They present their credentials. Her ten charges take a hand,

"Oh, Miss White, it's my brother-cousin-nephewbrother-in-law-father, er-er-flance-may I go and '-"Young ladies our journey is ended. You may go with your relatives. I'm going now to Evanston, Ill."-New

Maxim Gorki. (From the Westminster Gazette.)

About Maxim Gorki ,the eminent Russian writer who has so bedily denounced the cowardice and brutality of the Russian upper classes, some interesting particulars. are given in the Jewish World. His real name is Alexia" Maximovitch Peshkov, and he has adopted the nom de plume of Gorki (bitter)in order to express his view of life. Born at Nijni-Novgorod, in 1869, of very poor parents he was left an orphan at a tender age and came under the care of his grandfather, who treated him with great

At the age of nine he was apprenticed as an errand boy to a shoemaker, but was soon discharged and then he was bound to a darughtsman, when he ran away. He cook of the boat permitted him to use a small library he had. Young Peshkov's thirst for knowledge thereupon quickened, and he left for Kazan, where he engaged himself as a boy in a bakery, and afterwards obtained employment as a signalman on a rallway. Afterwards he was in the office of a lawyer, who interested himself in Pashkov's education. But life as a lawyer's clerk did not suit him, so he commenced his wandering again, earning bread as an unskilled manual laborer

it was in 1992 that Gorki commenced his literary activity, which has raised him to the front rank of contemporary Russian litterateurs. He is known as the chamion of the oppressed and is therefore a suspect of the Russian government, which has forbidden him to enter Moscow and St. Petersburg. Jews have in him a powerful friend who knows their life by having been among them. He is a believer in Zionism, and is now engaged a a drama entitled "The Jew.

A Poem of Passion. (From the Baltimore News.) Sweet Mistress Maud is fair to see, Ah, me! Sweet Mistress Maud is fair to see, Sweet Mistress Maud is fair to see,

Ah, me! The above peem has been awarded the prize offered by this department for succinctness and clearness of thought, Anyone who has the nerve to claim the prize can come

On his sixty-sixth birthday, J. Pterpont Morgan was, naturally, the subject of a good deal of discussion in New York. A broker told a story of him.

"You know Mr. Morgan's direct, blunt way of speak irg?" he said. "You know how, with this manner, he currices men till they turn from him, silent, abeshed, blushing like schoolboys? There is only one man I know of who ever got the netter of Mr. Morgan in a per-

"This chap had failed dishonorably, and through his failure Morgan had lost \$00,000. Nevertheless he continued to how to Mr. Morgan on the street as cordially as though nothing unpleasant had ever come between

"One morning Mr. Morgan stopped him, 'Look here,' he said, in that voice which makes most of us tremble You owe me \$40,000, and you should pay me, and you able to pay me. Nevertheless, I'll forgive you this debt if you'll stop speaking to me hereafter.'

'My. Dear Mr. Morgan,' the other answered, all smiles. 'I couldn't deny myself the pleasure of speak-

ing to you for twice \$10,000. 'Mr. Morgan turned away, but it is a fact that since that time he has always acknowledged his debtor's salutations with a kind of grim humor."

* * * * *

It is related that Sainte-Bueve detested rain. On one occasion, when he had to fight a duel, he appeared with a pistol in one hand and an umbrella in the other. "I am willing to get shot," he exclaimed, "but not to get wet.

* * * * *

An Englishman of somewhat questionable reputation. who was criticising the American way of spelling, once turned to Maurice Barrymore, the actor ,and said. Is it right to leave out the "u" in such words as harbor, neigh-"Well, about harbor and neighbor bor ,candor, etc?" I am not sure," replied Barrymore, "but when it comes to honor and candor I leave you out."

* * * * * At a rehearsal at the London Lyceum theatre, before Sir Henry Irving had arrived, one of the actors in the

who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic, proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation of the actor-knight's highly characteristic manner-As he finished his demonstration, Sir Henry's well known voice came from the depths of the darkened auditorium: "Very good! Very good, indeed! So good, in fact, that there is no need for both of us in this com-

The minister of a little Scotch village was at the bedside of a Scotchman named Donald, preparing him by plous exhortations for the great journey. "Have you anything on your mind, Denald?" he asked; "is there "Have you any question you would like to ask me?" ister bent down to listen to the dying man's reply, "Na, meenister, I'm no afeard. . . . I wad like to ken tho' whether there'll be whiskey in heaven?" Upon his spiritual counsellor remonstrating with him upon such thought at such a moment, he hastened to add, with a knowing look: "Oh; it's no that I mind, menelster; I only thought I'd like to see it on the table!"

* * * * *

An annonymous writer in Today tells an interesting necdote of a visit paid by Gladstone to a little bookshop near the Oreon, in Paris. As he entered, Gladstone saw a strange looking man in conversation with the bookseller and carrying an old copy of Villon's poems. "His dress was ragged and dirty, his face was matted with hair ,and he had the eyes of an arch-angel, with the mouth and jaw of a baboon. Nevertheless, the respectful attitude of the bookseller showed that the man was a personality. Gladstone entered into conversation with him about Villon, and for an hour they talked about early French poetry. Then the stranger shuffled out of the shop. Who is that gentleman? asked Glads 'he has an extraordinary knowledge of French patry Monsieur, he himself is our greatest poet, C'est Paul Ver.

日 元 元 元 元 Shortly after the appearance of his first book, "Ten Months a Captive Among the Fifipinos," an enterprising manager induced Albert Sonnochsen to so on a lecture tour. The young author made his debut in a small New Jersey town in a dismal, ill-lighted hall, before a handful of people huddled in the front seats, and a multitude of empty chairs. The manager, as dejected as the lecturer, sat in the rear, under the gloom of the balcony Mr. Sonnichsen ended his lecture in a state of nervous collapse, and then, in order to live up to his program, said: "I shall be pleased to answer any questions you may care to ask." An oppressive silence followed. Mr. Sennichsen repeated his offer, with the same result. Something had to be done. In desperation, the lecturer pointed to "that gentleman over there," indicating the manager and sugtion." That disgusted individual, seeing an opening to get back at the author, who had attracted attention to him so unexpectedly, shouted back: "Yes, I do. Sonnichsen, how do you feel?"

REERE

Major Doyle, the midget, went to the Suburban, and after talking with several racehorse men and looking up the "dope" he came to the conclusion that Africander would win even if he were hitched to a truck. Ilnon emerging from the battering ring in this confident frame of mind just before the race, he ran across Col. Robt. Pinkerton, who tips the beam at two hundred pounds and something. The colonel was equally positive that there would be yards of daylight between Heno and the others when the finish came. After a warm argument the two bet a suit of clothes on their respective favorites. After the race the major greeted Pinkerton with an "I told you so" look on his face. Then, becoming serious,

"Look here, I took far the worst of the odds. I think the least you should do is to make that two suits, or throw in an overcoat."

H H H H

Here is a subject for the women's clubs of the country. A Mrs. Fitzpatrick of Brooklyn got into a dispute with a neighbor, a Miss Story, and applied to her the "old muid." The case got into court, and Magistrate Furlong, in holding the accused for the court of special sessions, said; "It is a very serious thing to call woman an old maid. If a woman is unfortunate enough to reach the age of 30 without being married it is an annovance to her that amounts to disorderly conduct to call her an old maid." But suppose that Miss S. is unmarried by choice. Suppose that she has had many offers and refused them all. Suppose even that she expressed a dislike for matrimony. Surely evidence should be admitted on these points. And would it not be an adequate defense? Here the point arises. Why is it not an offense to call a man an "old bachelor?"

* * * * *

The following story of the pope is current in Italy, where he personally is most popular even among the anticiericals. He has-or is supposed to have-some nephews who find it somewhat difficult to extract money from him. The wife of one of these pephews is said to have undertaken to get some from him. She solicited an interview, and having obtained it, said: "Holy Father, I come to seek your advice. I am poor, I have a large family, and alas' I am in debt. I have been gifted by heaven with a good voice, and the proprietor of a music hall has offered me a large salary to appear on his stage and sing a few simple songs. Guight I to accept the offer? tainly," replied his Holiness; "and I only regret that my official position will not allow me to be present at your

The celebration of Valley Forge Day brings to mind a contribution to historic literature made by a very small young lady in the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph short story competition. The writer, a school girl of ten years, epitomizes the whole Valley Forge experience in the following terms sentences:

There was a Revolutionary War. The British Revolutioned Philadelphia. So Mr. Washington took a lot of soldiers to Valley Forgs. Mr. Washington haden't foot. Mr. Washington felt very bad so he asked Benjamin Franklin. Benjamin Franklin felt had to so be asked the King of France. The King of France sent a lot of soldiers so we licked the British."

* * * * *

A college graduate who was unkious to impart some of his recently acquired knowledge to an expectant world recently put an advertisement in a Sunday paper, relates the New York Sun. The general tenor of the ad, was that he was willing and comprient to teach any one anything at any hour of the day or night. The only respouse to his offer came from a night engineer, who took him at his word. If he prospective student wished to be instructed in elementary algebra from 3 to 4 o'clock in the morning The college graduate subsequently decided to be an office buy in the daytime.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

The stork should be worked into the state's seal. Its

Every dog has his day. Man's dog days will roon be

From some people in every community will be heard; "It was a quiet Fourth here."

The relief fund expended at Hutchinson amounted to \$15. Now will Cow creek "be good."

A "tenderioin district" on wheels is touring southern Kansas. The talk has turned to tar and feathers.

Senator Simons of Caldwell donated his share of the legislature appropriation to the flood sufferers. He is

are helping in the harvest fields. Therein is a pointer for D. W. Blaine. Cheney had a baby show on the Fourth; the prize

Two hundred Kingman county wives and daughters

being three dollars. This is pretty cheap for a Kansus baby's modesty.

C. F. Classen of Newton has resided there twentyfive years. He has been in the real estate business fifteen of the twenty-five.

their wheat in an opposite direction to that of the storm. They saved most of it.

An Arkansas City jointist has been sued for \$18,000 by one of his patron's wife. It is a different bar he must do business before now.

Sumner county apprehends a shortage of twenty-five school teachers the coming fall. This is a magnificent bunch of opportunities. A marriage a day was the record, says the Conway

Springs Reflector, up till June 17. Then even the normal temperature got up to ninety. Certain sad moments must come in July when Carrie Nation wishes that she had excluded hop tea from

the list of the Devil's weapons There will be "high old times" Saturday nights at Hutchinson now. The inmates of the reformatory are

to receive two cents a day henceforth. A Wellington family has a toy cannon that has been fired every Fourth for 43 years. And most surpris-

ing is the fact that the family lot isn't full yet. It has been discovered that school teachers don't take the newspapers. Only history with pictures and fu book form interests the average school ma'am

A Weilington man was severely hurt by the explo sion of his bicycle tire while he was pumping it up. A cannon cracker, therefore, is not always necessary. The Orient railroad is having a hard time to get

right of way in Chase county. The appraisers are said. to have figured too closely in the railroad's favor. Austria's pride in not so isolated. The Mail says Wellington is to have a beauty show; the participants to be two citizens who have had their whiskers out off.

The wall around the Hutchinson reformatory can be only partially built-because the appropriation isn't large enough. But Hutchinson isn't going to ask the governor special session of the legisulture on that no count; Hutchinson isn't in the Kaw valley. Some fakirs mixed 50 gallons of Niscoscah water and

\$5 worth of diamond dyes and then sold it to the people

of Kingman for fifty cents a quart. Those persons are

still trying to convince themselves that the story is a fake and the dyed water real lok. Conway Springs Star: Some of the older residents were talking here a few days ago and enumerated five former prominent citizens of this town who have gone by way of the morphice route within the last ten years. While liquor and morphine gets a fellow started to going it soon winds him out-and yet there are a few fellows left who imagine they are smooth enough to beat it and continue to play it regularly. There is only

one result every time, as surely as fate. Atchison Globe: The Boy, Carrol Burck, of Manhattan Kansas, went to Brooklyn and married Miss Gertrude Willis. He had probably never seen a gun at a wedding before, though he was from the west, but found every guest at the wedding heavily armed. They claimed that a New York stock broker was in love with the bride, and had vowed no one should have her but himself. The Kansus preacher believed the story, though the stock broker's wife insists that her husband spe all his evenings at home and loves his family, story is causing a church social boom in Manhattan, every one attending to get a look at the young woman.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Incomplete returns in the office of the territorial secrefary show over eighty millions of taxable property is Oklahoma. Now all at once; great is Oklahoma.

The postoffice recripts of Oklahoma City have shown a big increase every year for the last three. That may mean an increase of population or of business or both The Oklahoma towns want whatever they see other places have. Shawnee in every emphatic terms demands street railway, modern and up to date

Payne county has already shipped one car load of this year's wheat crop to Liverpool by way of Galveston. 16 was sold in Stillwater for fifty six cents a bushel and tested sixty pounds to the bushel.

The drill is down four hundred feet at Garber. The Garber Sentine) can easily see the black oil running down the slush trough. Why shouldn't Oklahoma have oil; she has about tverything else. A carlead of oil was received at Medford the other

day and the coaloff inspector proceeded to condemn it because it flashed at 118 degrees. If the oil inspectors keep up their present courage Okiahoma people will burn good oil. The city attorney of El Reno has been instructed by

the city coupeil to use all legal means to keep the railroads from crossing the cemetery at that place. The raffroads evidently think; let the dead bury their dead. They are for the living. Hackmen as a rule are very considerate. One was arrested in Oklahoma City the other day on the charge of driving in a reckless manner and running over Peter

than appear for trial. The city council of Watenga has started out right. It requires sidewalks on the business attests to be wide and constructed of brick, cement or asphalt. New towns generally start out with board walks. They heat nothing

McFadden. He forfeited his ten-dollar cash band rather

and that is about the best that can be said for them. John Stibbs of Pond Creek was a passenger on the Rock Island when the head-end collision of two pas-senger trains occurred at Dwight, Kanass, last march statement filed in the court of Grant - state shows that he estimates his damages at twenty thousand deli-

Because BBI Cross wanted to read some of the Domo crate out of the party for going back on him in the last election, the El Repo Democrate calls film an ignoramus Supporting the numinees of the party is not a test of Democracy, and as proof of that proposition just look

Henrietta, L. T., Free Lance: During a recent reviral tough citizen claimed to have experienced a change of heart but said he was not ready to make public confession of his past sins. "Tell if all, Brother," exherted the preacher, "the Lord will forgive." "I know it," responded the ponitent, "but the Lord start on the grand jury this neck."

Medfort Patriot: A change was made this week it the Santa Fe depot force at this place, the agent, G. Honey, and his freight rustier, M. I. Henry, being transferred to Kingman, Kan, and G. A. Hunkins, of the latter place, taking Mr. Haney's position here. agent at Kingman goes to Shawner. Mr. Hackins was formerly operator at Kingman, so the change is essesidered a promotion all around. We regret to loss Messrs. Honey and Henry, but welroms Mr. Hunkins, & we understand has a family and will remove the same Medford at onces. Many friends here will wish Mr. Honey continued promotion now that his star has started

Garber Sentinel: Dixie Dunbar, the tramp printer came into this office out of the wheat fields last Saturday. He is working for E. Hastelwooder, living east of here. Says he's got a picnic, lots of eggs and sain mixed with an occasional today heats being on the road. Says his bost has a machine that is old and its action is becoming uncertain so the owner, after petiently cutsessed with a matta for taking his old trap to pieces. Ain't it a presiet Helps spread it out and put it together again and of course it works as beautiful as ever. Will not get full until all the work of harvesting is over; would be an old fool to spoil so good a thing.